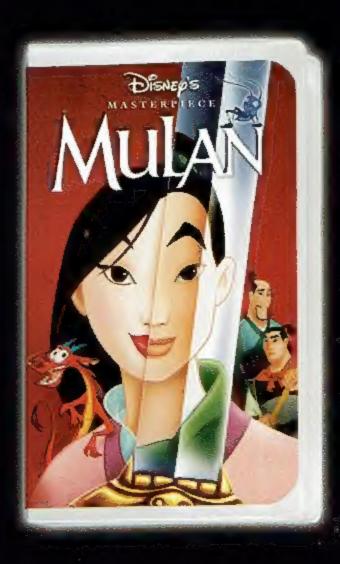


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nave no fear,

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March 1999 • volume I, Issue 4

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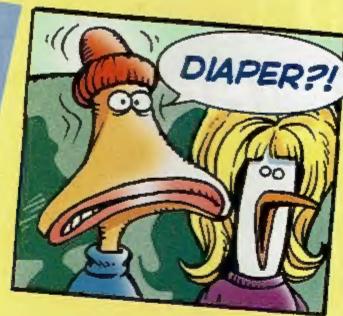
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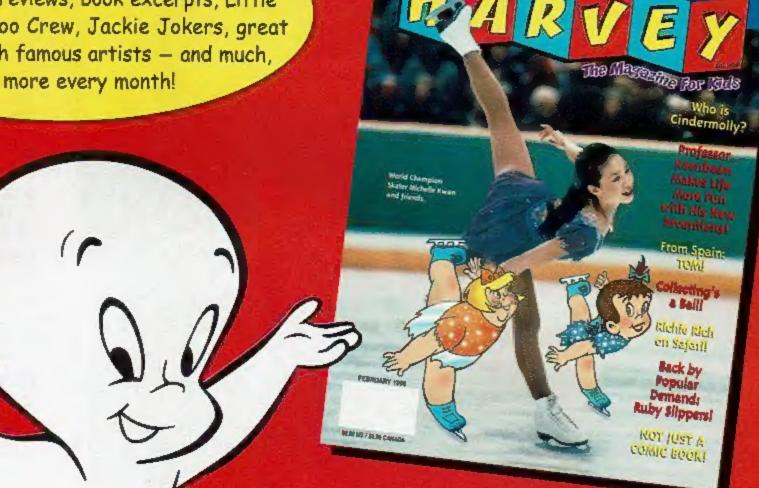
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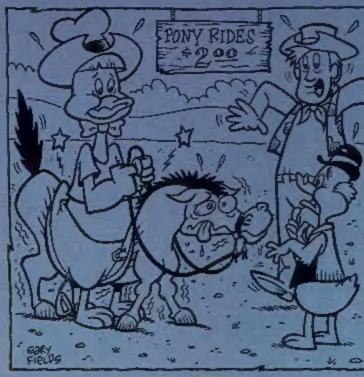
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Hope

you enjoy the adaptation of
the new movie, Baby Huey's Great
Easter Adventure. In it you'll see, Harvey Korman as Professor Von Klupp, Maureen
McCormick as Nick's mom, Joseph Bologna as
the bad guy, P.T. Wynnsocki and his sidekick,
Bernie, played by David Lander. The movie also
stars John Vernon, Michael Angarano, Tiffany
Taubman, Rachel Snow, David Leisure,
Denny Dillon and Katie Simmons.



response was so fantastic for the Baby Huey contest, we couldn't make a decision by press time. (That's when we print the magazine.) We promise to announce the winners in the April issue!



"UM...MAYBE WE SHOULD SEE IF THEY HAVE ELEPHANT RIDES, HUEY!"

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BABY HUEY'S GREAT EASTER ADVENTURE

On March 2 of this year, Baby Huey makes his feature film debut in a live action, direct to video, musical movie. Baby Huey, of course, will star. But he'll have great company including Joe Bologna, Maureen McCormick ('Marsha' from "The Brady Bunch"), Harvey Korman ("The Carol Burnett Show"), David Lander (Squiggy from "Laverne and Shirley") and others.

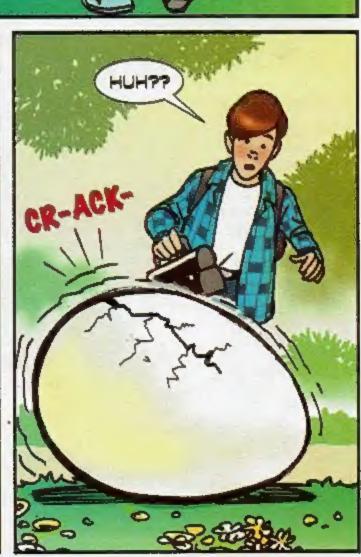
Baby Huey's Great Easter
Adventure is a movie
that will make you laugh,
sing and danceit has five great songs
including "Doin' The
Duck Dance" and the
"PT Wynnsocki March".
On these pages is a
comic strip version of
the movie. Of course,
it's a very, very, very,
very, very short version.
Just enough, we think,
to give you a taste.



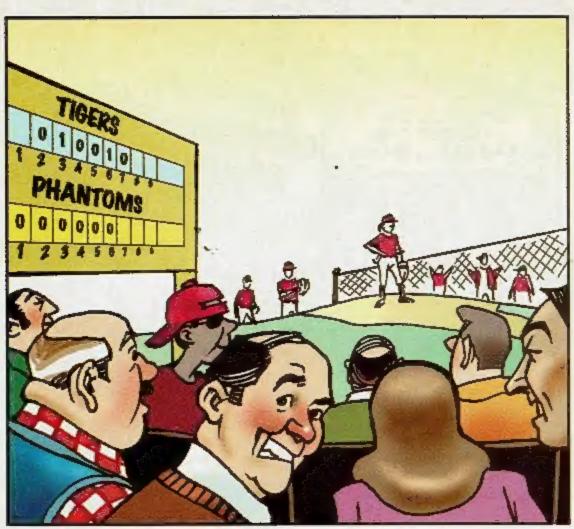








Spinach = light green . Coffee = brown . Blueberries = blue



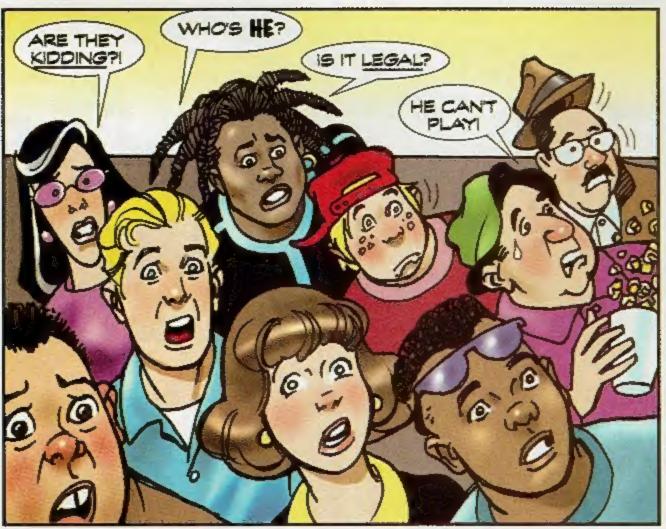




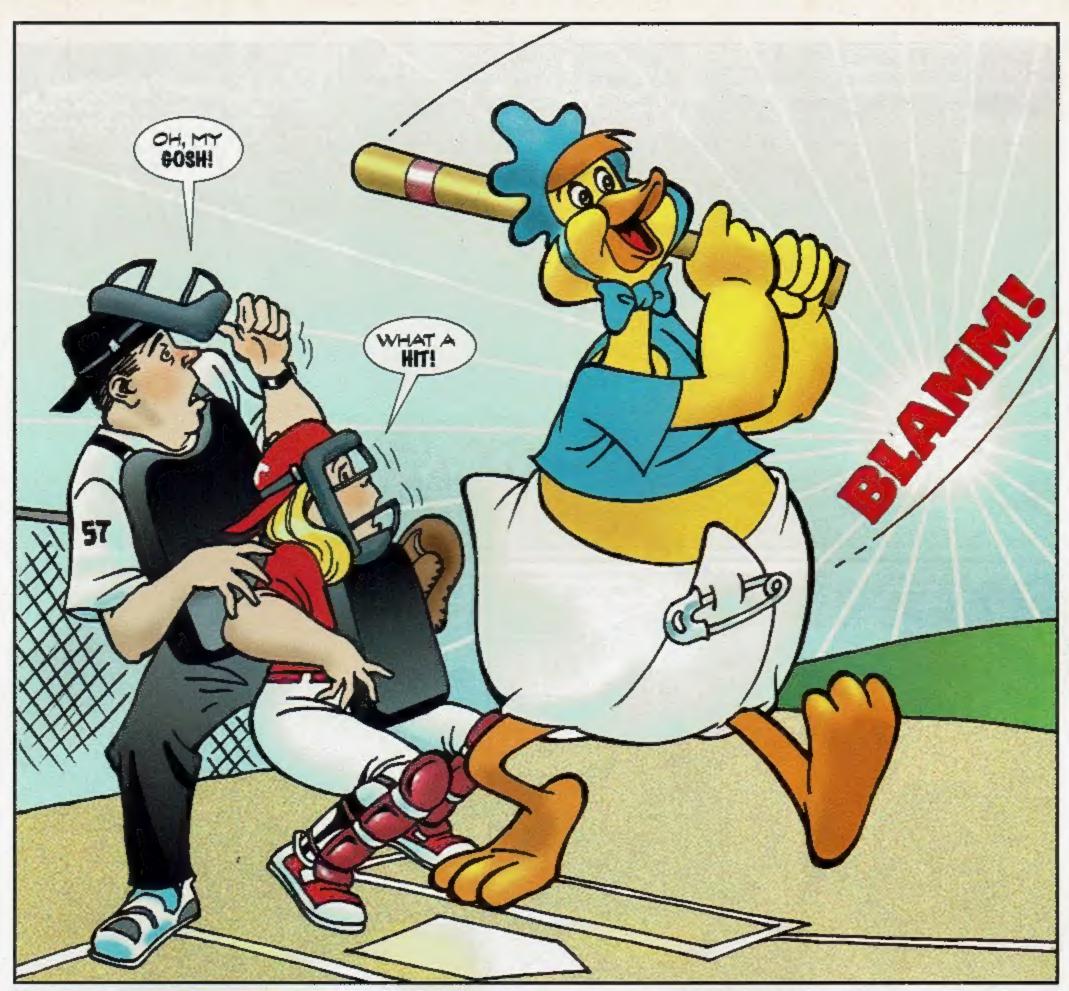


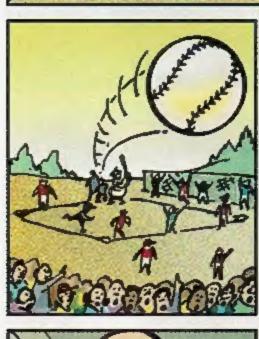


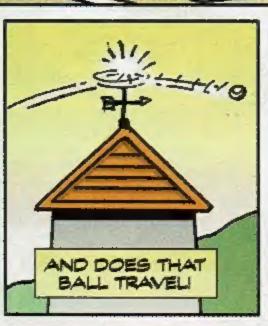


















The first time Baby Huey ever had his own comic book title was

in 1954 when Paramount Animated Comics #9

became Baby Huey.

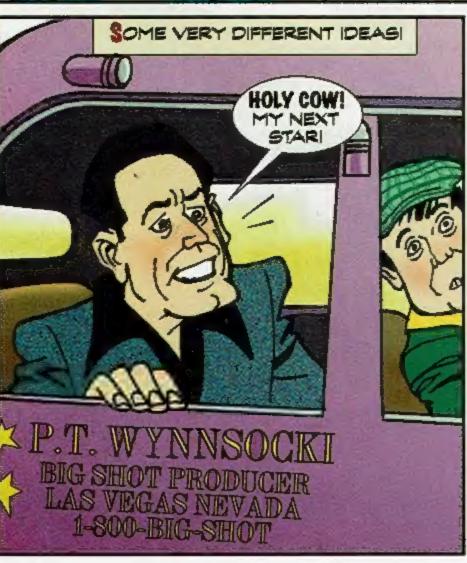
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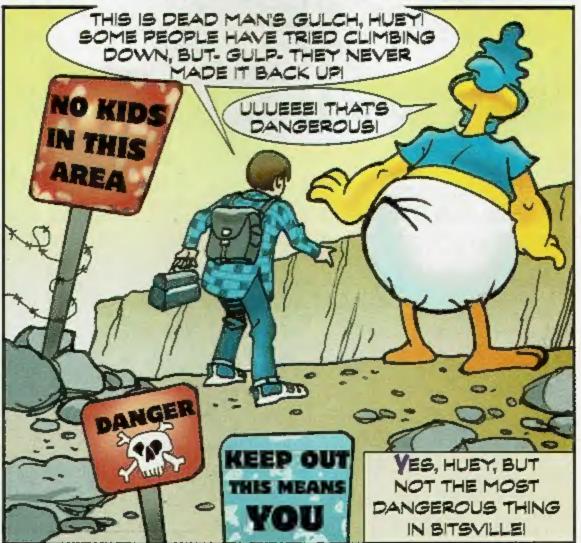














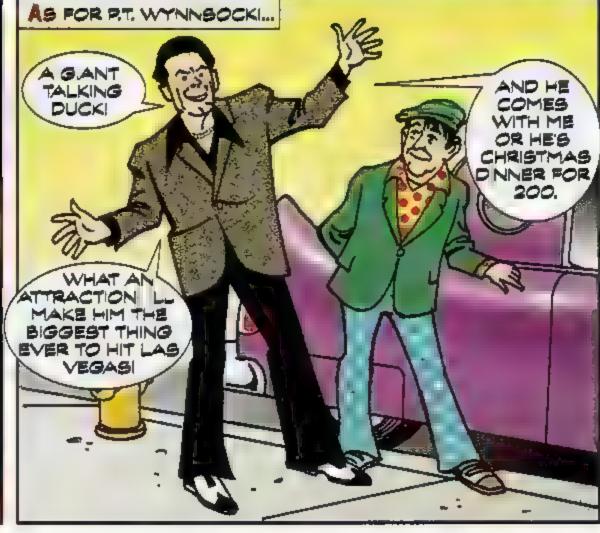


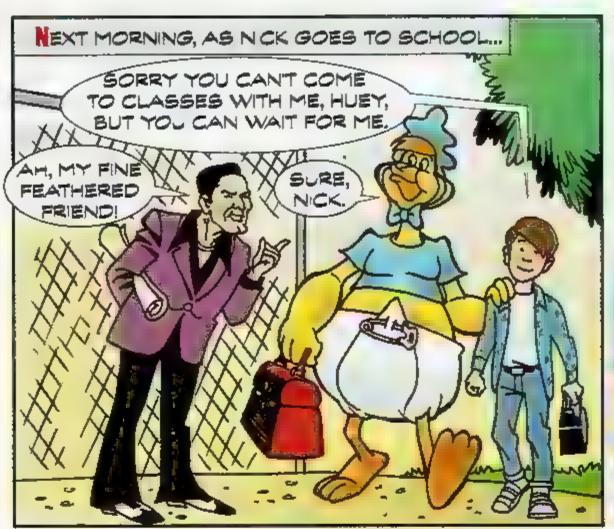






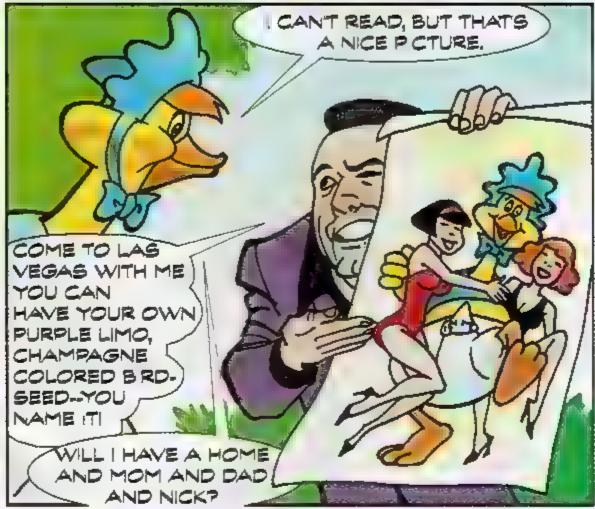






















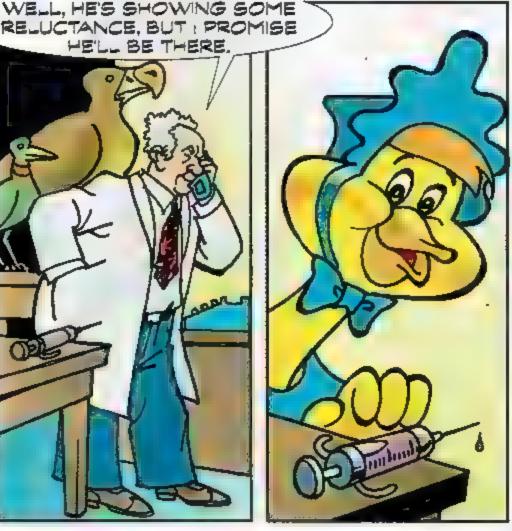




THEY WANT TO EXAMINE YOU















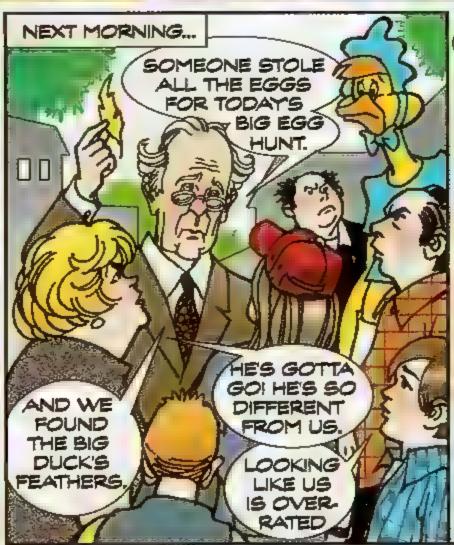








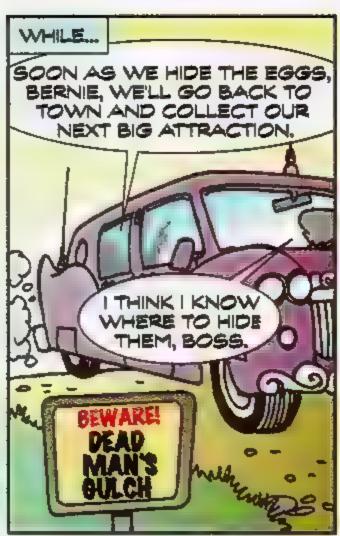








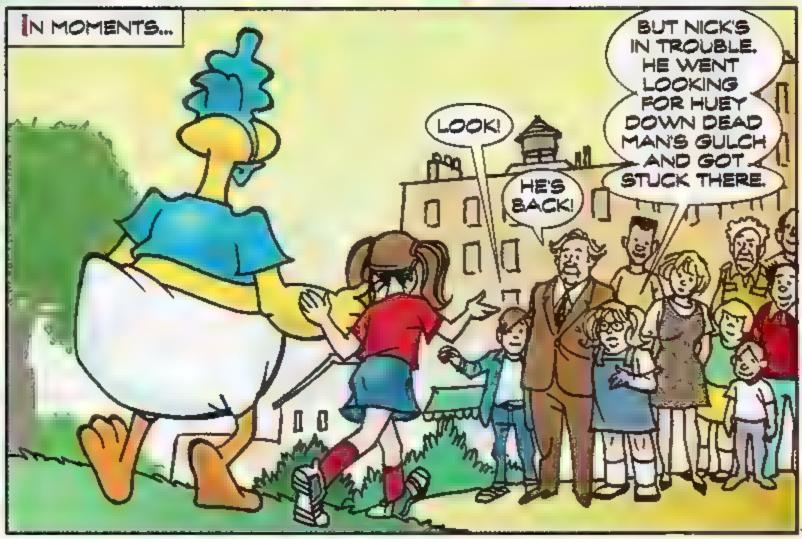




























The Lien and the Elephant by P.G. Bradley

here was never any question that Leo was the king of the jungle. First of all, lions had always ruled the jungle and nobody in memory had ever questioned it. Most importantly, Leo was a huge, ferocious lion with a roar that melted the hearts of usually dangerous and combative beasts. Leo almost never had to fight. The thunder of his voice was enough to fill anyone who disagreed with him with fear. Animals who were normally undaunted by the sounds and sight of an enemy, retreated at the threat of Leo's roar and his heavily muscled body and long fangs that spoke of destruction. Everyone was afraid of him; everyone, it turned out, but Wilfred.



That Wilfred was big was, of course, indisputable. But most elephants are big, and elephants, despite their size and strength, never care to go one-on-one with a lion, particularly one as fearsome as Leo.

But Wilfred had something else. He had confidence. He wasn't afraid of anything; not the giant boa constrictor, the thirty-foot long snake who coiled itself around its enemies' bodies, not the water buffalo with its horns so long, so strong, and so sharp they could pierce a tree, and not even the crocodile with its rows of needlelike teeth and long tail that was so powerful

it could knock over two fully grown men. No, Wilfred feared nothing. His brother Edgar, who feared nearly everything including field mice and bees, couldn't understand it.

"Why aren't you afraid of a buffalo's horns or a crocodile's teeth?" he would ask.

"'Cause being afraid," said Wilfred, "is not having faith in yourself."

"I don't think so," Edgar would retort, "it's just not being foolish."

So, Wilfred grew up not being afraid and because he also grew up to be the biggest and strongest elephant anyone in the jungle had ever seen, he never lost a fight. But, then again, he never fought. Nobody wanted to fight him and he was a pleasant fellow who lived on vegetables and grass and leaves and tried not to intrude on anyone, not

1/10

because he was afraid, but because he was nice.

Well, for five years, Leo and Wilfred never crossed paths. Then, one day Leo was holding court, surrounded by his ministers, mostly chimps and monkeys, and his servants, who ranged from swift leopards who scouted out and pursued his food for him, to Harry, the hyena who cleaned up the place after Leo dined.

"You know," said Leo, out of the blue and just for something to make conversation, "it's not easy being the bravest and strongest and most fearsome animal in the jungle."

Most of the animals nodded, but Chuck, a chimpanzee known for speaking his mind, even to the king, spoke up.

"Well, your Highness," he offered, "you're the king and you're fearsome all right, but—" Leo and everyone in the clearing looked up in shock.

"But," continued Chuck, "I don't know if you're the bravest or strongest animal in the jungle."

Leo's eyes blazed—a harrowing sight, by the way—and a slow growl crept from his lips.

"Stronger than me?! Braver than me?!" He was visibly upset. He raised one huge paw above his head and looked sternly in Chuck's direction, ready to strike him.

"Wait, your Royal Highness, Almighty Great King! I'm only repeating what visitors to the South Jungle have been saying for years. They speak of an elephant who lives there who is taller than a mountain and so strong he can tear up huge trees with his trunk and easily toss them over mountains that touch the skies."

Leo's awesome paw halted in mid-air and his eyes narrowed as he listened.

Chuck went on. "And, they say that he fears nothing—NOTHING! Not the deadly ant colony, not the killer fish that live in the South Jungle rivers, not the crocodiles or a herd of water buffaloes, or"

"Stop!" thundered Leo, and he sat down and pondered this. Everyone else in the clearing just sat and looked at him. Finally, he turned to Chuck.

"What do they call this, this superanimal?"

"Wilfred," said Chuck.

"Well," said Leo, "bring him to me!"

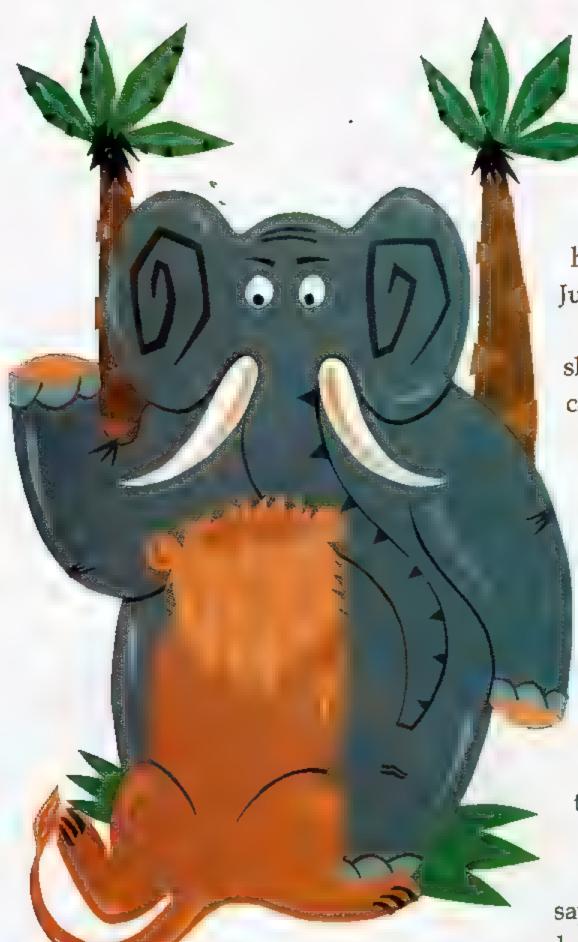
"I hear," said Chuck, "that he never leaves the South Jungle."

Leo thought about that for a while, then he reared up on his hind legs and emitted a roar that sent birds for miles racing out of trees and had underground animals burrowing into their holes in fright. Chuck and the others in the clearing froze in their spots, afraid to move lest they offend the mighty, and mighty angry, king.

With that, Leo, without saying goodbye, strode off to the South Jungle to find this upstart who might challenge him as the strongest and the bravest.

It took a long time to get there. Lions travel by foot, you know. When he crossed the roaring rapids that marked the





border of the South Jungle he came upon a sleeping hippopotamus

who lay in the mud at the river bank. The hippo was very large, but he showed proper respect.

"Good morning, your Highness," he said, "Welcome to the South Jungle."

"Humph," snorted Leo, wanting to skip the small talk. "Tell me where I can find Wilfred the elephant."

The hippo looked up and was about to answer when, suddenly, the ground trembled and the trees shook and what sounded like the pounding of a thousand feet echoed through the jungle. Leo whirled in the direction of the noise and there in what moments ago had been a thicket of trees and bushes and was now a clearing, was the biggest animal he'd ever seen. Of course, he knew it must be Wilfred. If a normal elephant weighs, let us

If a normal elephant weighs, let us say, ten thousand pounds, this one must have weighed twice that.

His head was above the trees and they bent from his weight as he merely brushed by them. Now, a strange thing happened, the elephant—Wilfred—noticed Leo and he did something no one had ever done to Leo before. He raised one hoof and waved—a friendly wave of greeting.

"Hi, there!" said Wilfred. "Welcome to the South Jungle. Never saw you around here before." All this was said without the slightest suggestion of fear or even caution in his voice.

Leo was dumbfounded and he was astounded not only by Wilfred's pleasant nature but, more so, by his size. But he was there to prove that he was still the strongest and the bravest and the king of the jungle. He roared a challenge more chilling than any he'd ever offered before. The nearby hippo dove into the river and disappeared, but Wilfred just smiled (a kind of crinkly elephant smile) and sat down.

Now, Leo was really excited. "I've come to fight you," he yelled, "I've come to demonstrate that I'm still the king!"

Wilfred looked at him and one huge hoof scratched an ear.

"Why," he asked, "would I fight you?"

"To prove that you're the strongest and bravest," the lion said, "not that you are," he added quickly.

"But I don't care to prove that," said Wilfred.

"Don't you fight?" asked the dumbfounded lion.

"No," said Wilfred, "what's the point? There's something very dumb about fighting."

Leo was confused. "There is?" he asked, "What's that?"

"Well, for starters," the elephant explained,
"someone is bound to get hurt. And think of it
this way, whoever loses would feel terrible.
Right now, you think you're terrific and I'm
completely happy. Why not leave it at that?"

Leo sat down, too. He sat and the two of them looked at each other for the longest time. Hours passed and maybe even a whole day. Leo had a hunch Wilfred was right, but it was his job to challenge anyone who, it might be said, was stronger or braver than him. He wasn't sure what he should do.

At this time, Wilfred got up and walked over to a boulder that was twice as big as Leo'and ten times heavier. He wrapped his trunk around it and held it high above his head and flung it so far that, finally, all Leo could see was a tiny speck in the sky.

Leo thought about that, but for a short time. Then he turned to Wilfred, "You know," he said, "I think you're right. Nothing to gain from a fight."

And with that he waved goodbye and turned and strode across the rapids and left the South Jungle.

To this day, Wilfred is a happy, footloose elephant without a care in the world and Leo is still the king and the strongest and bravest animal in the jungle. Or is he?





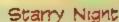
name is Vincent van

Gogh. I was born in Holland in

1853, but moved to Paris, France and
then to Arles when I was a young adult.
Even though I went to school to become a
minister, I ended up being a very famous artist.
(Go figure!) I am probably most famous for my
bold colors and whirling brush strokes, and I did
help start the Expressionist art movement.
That's when an artist looks at an object
or what's around him and paints what
he imagines; not necessarily
what is actually there.

This is probably one of my most famous paintings. It's supposed to be nighttime, the sky is alive with movement and colors. I did this using thick brushstrokes with my paintbrush and deep yellows and blues. You know those nights when the sky is lit up oh-so-bright by the moon, you could almost read a book by it? This was one of those nights. Do you think my painting shows that?







Vincent's Bedroom in Arles

This painting is not one of my more famous ones, but I like it—I guess it makes me kind of homesick. I loved to paint and I liked the simplicity of my room, so I decided to paint it. The sun was so bright, it cast a glow to all the furniture. Light and color is very important to an artist.

Why don't you try painting (or drawing) your room? If it's during the day, make sure you get the effect of the sunight. If it's at nighttime, the room will be lit up by artificial light (lamps, etc.) and not natural light (unless there's a little bt of moonlight peeking through). You'll notice, now different things can look at various times of the day and night And remember, paint what you see...not necessarily what's there!



ONE DAY, WHILE WATCHING





ART BY B. K. TAYLOR WRITTEN BY B.K.TAYLOR & TEX RAGSDALE LETTERING BY TEX RAGSDALE COMPLITER COLOR BY BEN SEAN

AFTER OUR HEROES ESCAPED FROM THE ZOO, THEY FOUND CLOTHES, GOT THEIR NAMES FROM PACKAGES THEY FOUND, AND DECIDED THEY HAD TO ACT LIKE HUMANS TO LIVE ON THE OUTSIDE. BUT AS YOU'LL SEE IN "DIAPER RUNS AWAY," THEY STARTED TO ACT TOO MUCH LIKE HUMANS!



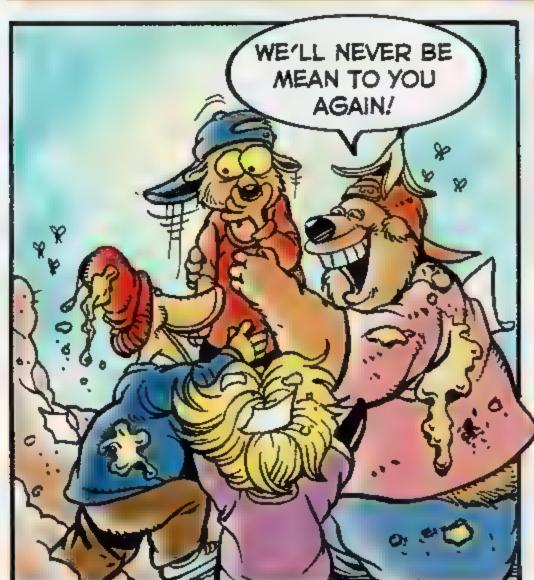


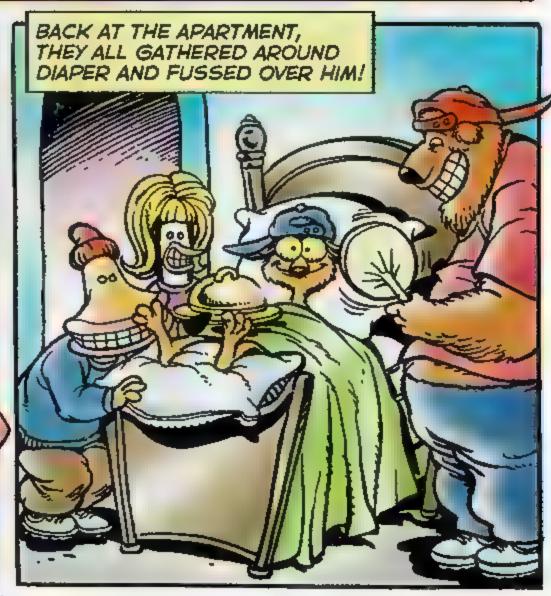
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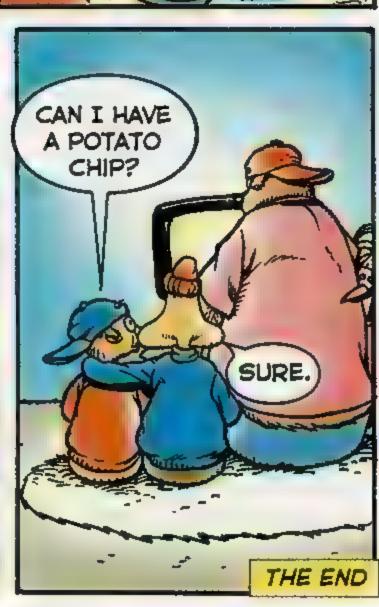




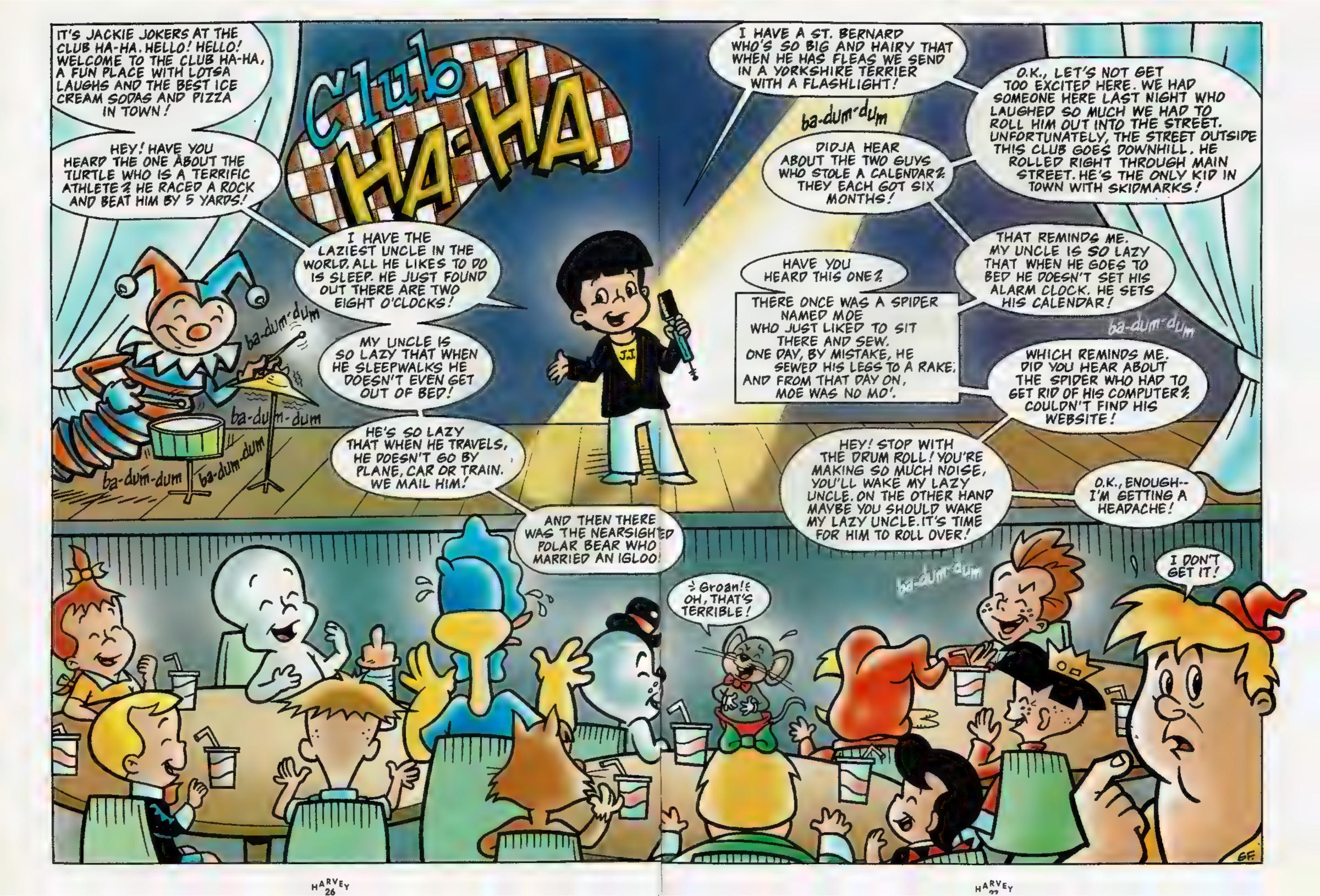








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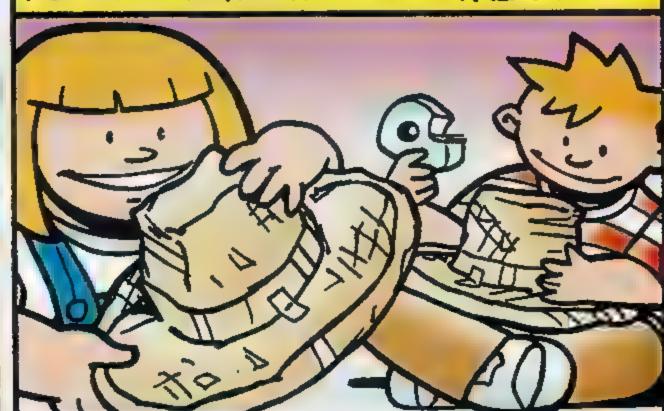




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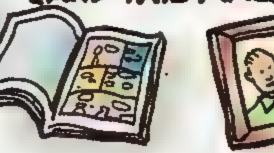
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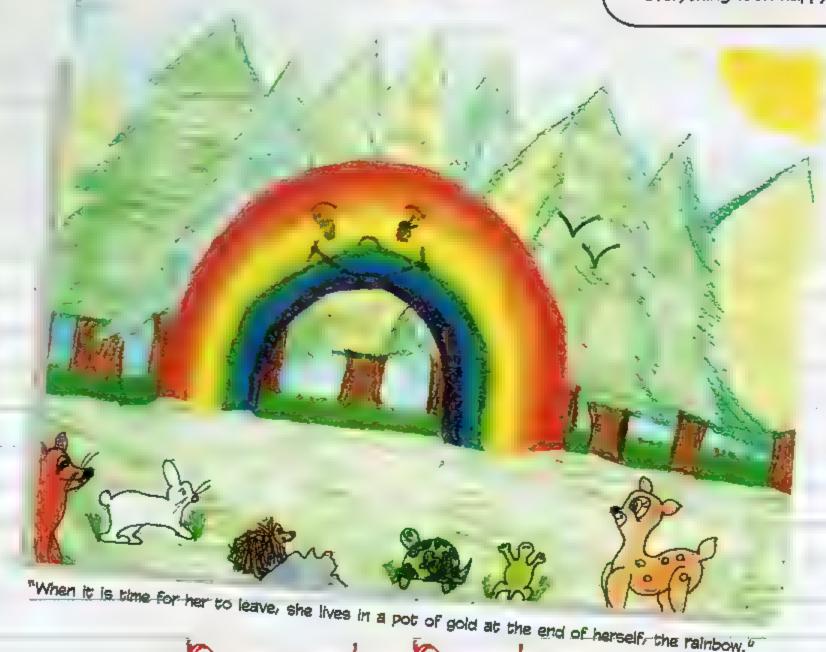
for each additional item.

Look, Mom, Imade it Myself!

Kristina Gunderson is a young girl who lives in Belfair, Washington with her mom and grandma. She loves to rollerblade and shop, but most of all she loves to draw and write short stories. She has been writing and illustrating stories since she could hold a pencil and wrote "Rosic the Rainbow" when she was 11 years old.



"I draw the pictures
first using whatever I can
get my hands on. Sometimes
I use markers, sometimes
crayons or colored pencils.
Sometimes, all three! I like
to draw the pictures first
and write my story from the
drawings. I love bright colors, because they make
everything look happy."



Rosie the Rainbow

It was a very rainy day. But something very unusual was occurring on this very rainy day. The sun was out, which meant that all of the creatures of the forest are happy because they know that somewhere on this particular day something special is happening.

Rosie the Rainbow would be out,

All of the forest creatures loved Rosie because she was always so colorful, happy, and encouraging. She is encouraging because she helps them get through the rainy days. But the forest creatures are always so disappointed when Rosie has to leave. When it is time for her to leave, she lives in the pot of gold at the end of

herself, the rainbow.

The forest creatures asked her why she couldn't come out if it was just sunny, or just rainy. She replied, "Well, because nobody wants me unless it is sunny and raining."

That's not true, said a red fox.

"We wish you would stay with us all of the time," said a very rambunctious rabbit.

The animals had convinced her. "There's no reason why I should stay in the pot of gold then. I'll live in the forest with you from now on."

And so that was how it was. Rosie brought joy and cheerfulness to the forest every year.

And the forest was happy again. The End!

THE LONG-NOSED GOBLINS



ong ago there were two long-nosed goblins who lived in the high mountains of northern Japan. One was a blue goblin and the other was a red goblin. They were both very proud of their noses, which they could extend for many, many leagues across the countryside, and they were always arguing as to which had the most beautiful nose.

One day the blue goblin was resting on top of a mountain when he smelled a very good smell coming from somewhere down on the plains. "My, but something smells good," he said. "Wonder what it is."

So he started extending his nose, letting it grow longer and longer as it followed the good smell. His nose grew so long that it crossed seven mountains, went down into the plains, and finally ended up at a lord's mansion.

Inside the mansion the lord's daughter, Princess White-flower, was having a party. Many other little princesses had come to the party, and Princess White-flower was showing them all her rare and beautiful dress materials. They had opened the treasure house and taken out the wonderful pieces of cloth, all packed in incense. It was the incense that the blue goblin had smelled.

From Japanese Children's Favorite Stories, edited by Florence Sakade with illustrations by Yoshisuke Kurosaki (c) 1958 by the Charles E. Tuttle, Co., Inc. Published by Tuttle Publishing, 153 Milk Street, 5th Floor, Boston, MA 02109. To order call 800-526-2778.



Just at that moment the princess was looking for some place to hang the cloth up so they could see it better. When she caught sight of the blue goblin's nose, she said: "Oh, look, someone's hung a blue pole on the terrace. We'll hang the cloth on it."

So the princess called her maids and they hung the pieces of beautiful cloth on the goblin's nose The blue goblin, sitting way back on his mountain, felt something tickling his nose, so he began pulling it back in.

When the princesses saw the beautiful pieces of cloth go flying away through the air, they were very surprised. They tried to catch the cloth, but they were too late.

When the blue goblin saw the beautiful cloth hanging on his nose, he was very pleased. He gathered the cloth up and took it home with him Then he invited the red goblin, who lived on the next mountain, to come and see him.

"Just look what a wonderful nose I have," he said to the red goblin. "It brought me all this wonderful cloth."

The red goblin was jealous when he saw this. He would have turned green with envy except that red goblins can't turn green.



"I'll show you my nose is still the best," the red goblin said. "Just you wait and I'll show you."

After that the red goblin sat up on top of his mountain every day, rubbing his long red nose and sniffing the air. Many days passed and he still hadn't smelled any incense. He became very impatient and said: "Well, I won't wait any longer. I'll send my nose down to the plains anyway, and it's sure to find something good there."

So the red goblin started extending his nose, letting it grow longer and longer, until it crossed seven mountains, down into the plains, and finally ending up at the same lord's mansion.

Just at that moment the lord's son, Prince Valorous, and his little friends were playing in the garden. When Prince Valorous caught sight of the red goblin's nose, he cried, "Just look at this red pole that someone's put here. Let's swing on it."

So they got some thick ropes and tied them onto the red pole and made several swings. Then how they played! Several of the boys would get in the same swing and they'd swing high up toward the sky They climbed all over the red pole, jumped up and down on it, and one even began to cut his initials in the pole with a knife.

How all this hurt the red goblin, sitting back on his mountain! His nose was so heavy that he couldn't move it. But when the boy started cutting on it, the red goblin pulled with all his might and shook all the boys off his nose. Then he pulled it back to his mountain as fast as he could.

The blue goblin laughed and laughed at the sight. But the red goblin only sat stroking his nose and saying: "This is what I get for being jealous of other people. I'm never going to send my nose down into the plains again."





Baby Hüey's Ducktionary

A lot of people think I have a funny nose—O.K., a funny beak. Well, it's kinda broad and sorta big but it does the job. And it's strong, so I can pick things up off the ground with it, things like birdseed and loose change. My best friend Nick tells me

that, as noses go, mine is terrific.

Some birds really have beaks that not only can do a lot of great things, but are really very interesting looking.

The woodpecker has a long sharp beak that's so tough, he uses it to chisel into trees to dig out insects. And he makes a kind of rat-tat-tat sound when he does. Most woodpeckers live in trees, but the European green woodpecker likes ants with his dinner and will drill into ant colonies.

The pelican's beak has a huge pouch which is kind of a fishing net. The pelican is even clumsier than I am on land, but he can fly real fast and that beak just scoops up fish as he zooms over the water

There's an old limerick that goes:

A wonderful bird is the pelican whose beak can hold more than his belly can.

The golden eagle has a hooked beak, which is so strong it can tear things like-gulp-flesh. The eagle's not as big as me, but his wingspread can be more than six feet across. He's so strong that he's been known to scoop dogs and foxes right off the ground and fly off with them. He's considered very brave, is the official bird of the USA and is on the dollar bill.

The toucan may have the most interesting beak of all. It's almost as big as he is and like the rest of him, it's brightly colored. It's mostly used to pick fruit off trees.

The owl has the tiniest beak, but it's strong and sharp just like his talons, or claws. He's kinda sneaky, swooping down on mice and other small animals in the dark of night. He's considered real wise, maybe because he doesn't say much.

The hummingbird is a real little guy with a long, thin beak which is used to drink nectar from flowers. He can flap his wings up to 200 times a second—so fast that you can't see them and, he's so speedy and tiny that you often can't see him.

It could be that the spoonbill is the funniest looking bird in birdland. He's got long, spindly legs and a flat, speckled bill that looks like a spatula and is just perfect for skimming food out of shallow water.

The swift is, like his name says, a real fast bird. He can fly around 70 miles per hour when he's chasing insects and he's got a wide beak that almost looks like the mouth of a fish, which just zips in and catches bugs in mid-air.

I'm through counting noses. Did I tell you what my best friend Nick said about my nose?





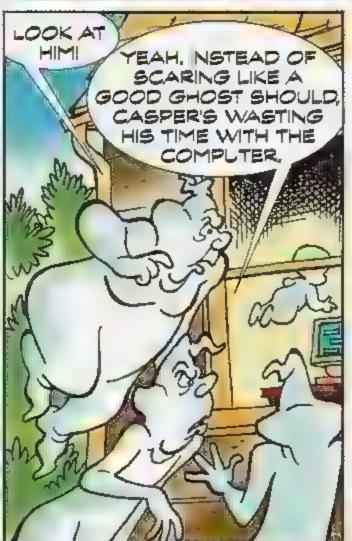
Dallasu



Spoonbill



Avocet

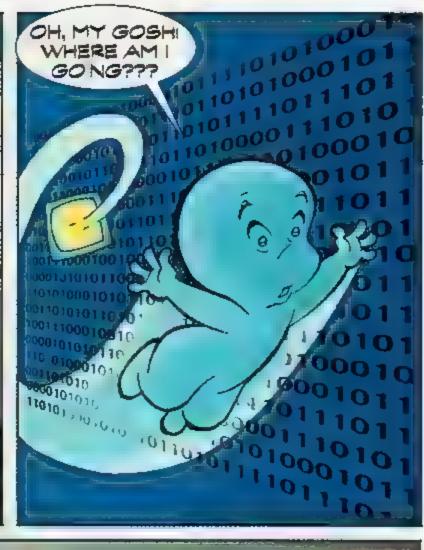


The Eiffel Tower is 330m high. That's more than three football fields high!





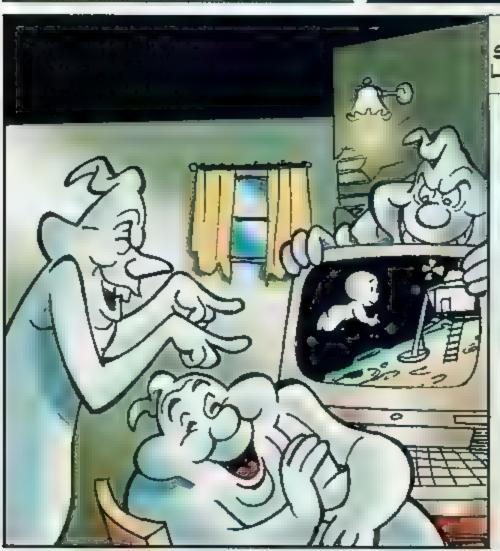
HARVEY

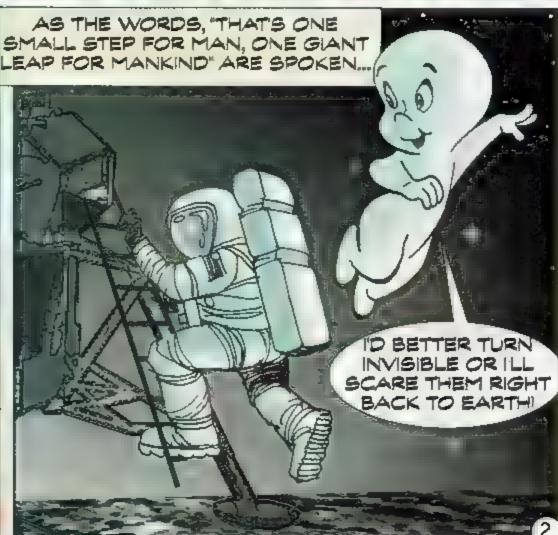


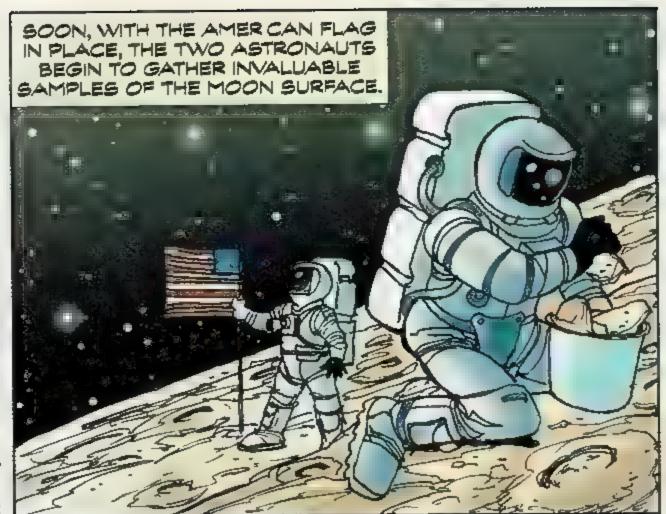


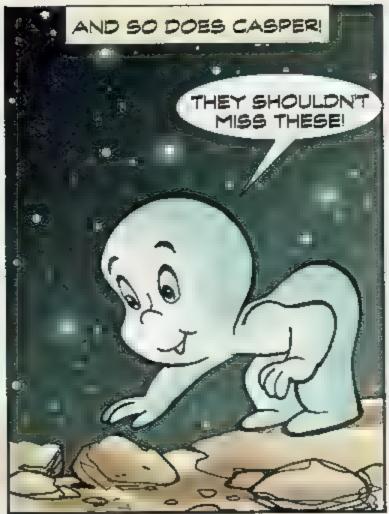




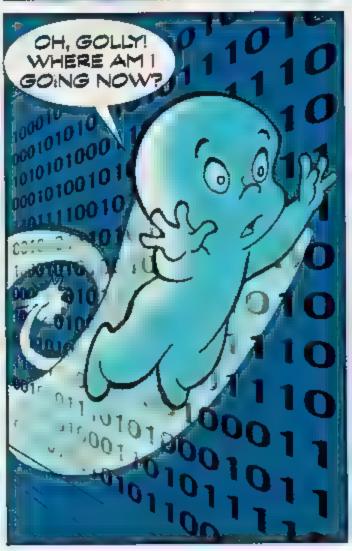




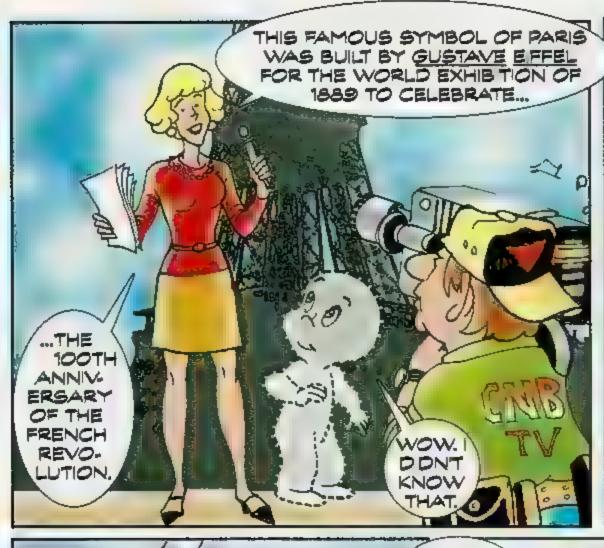










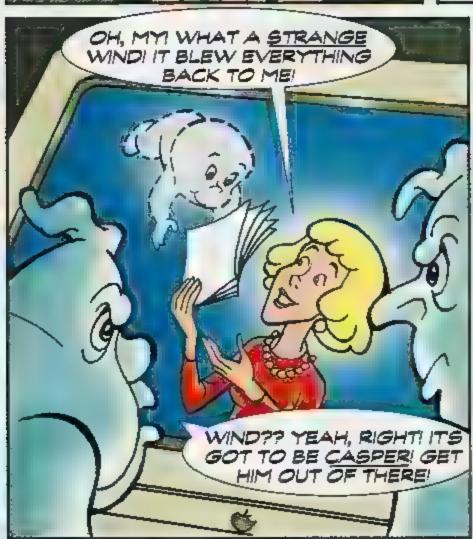




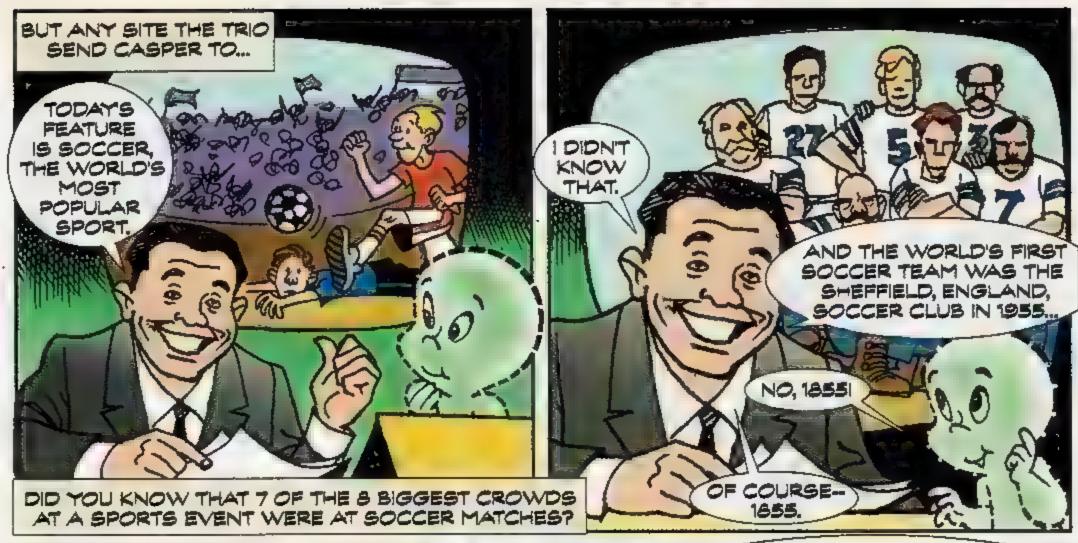


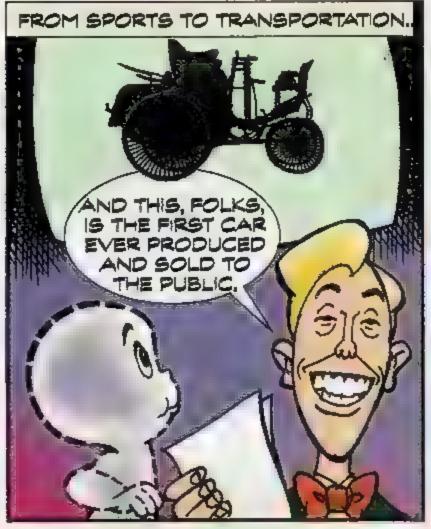




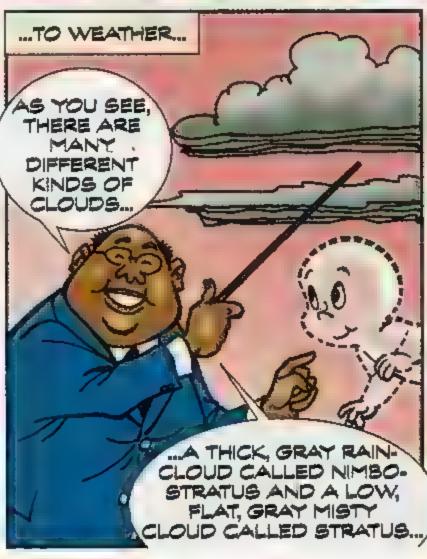






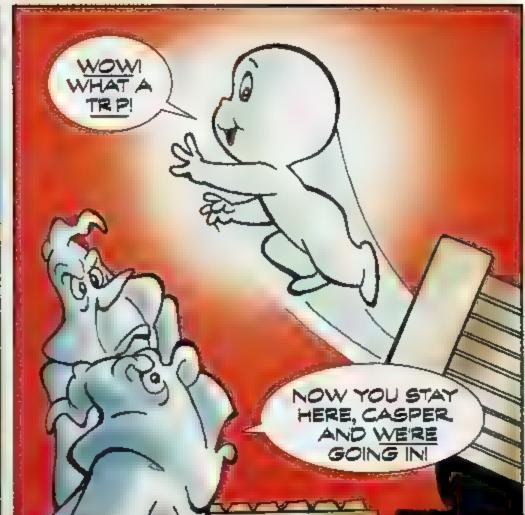












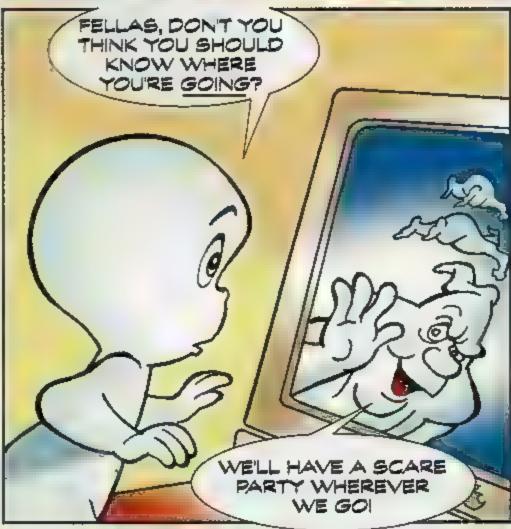
Well, then you have

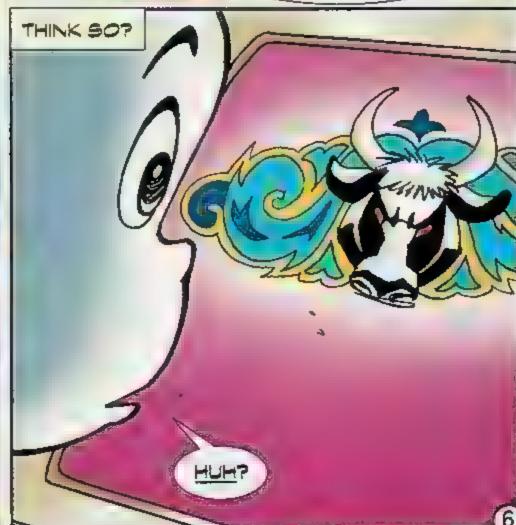
Does your mom help brush your hair at night or fill the bathtub with water when you're rea

something in common with monkeys because they help groom each other

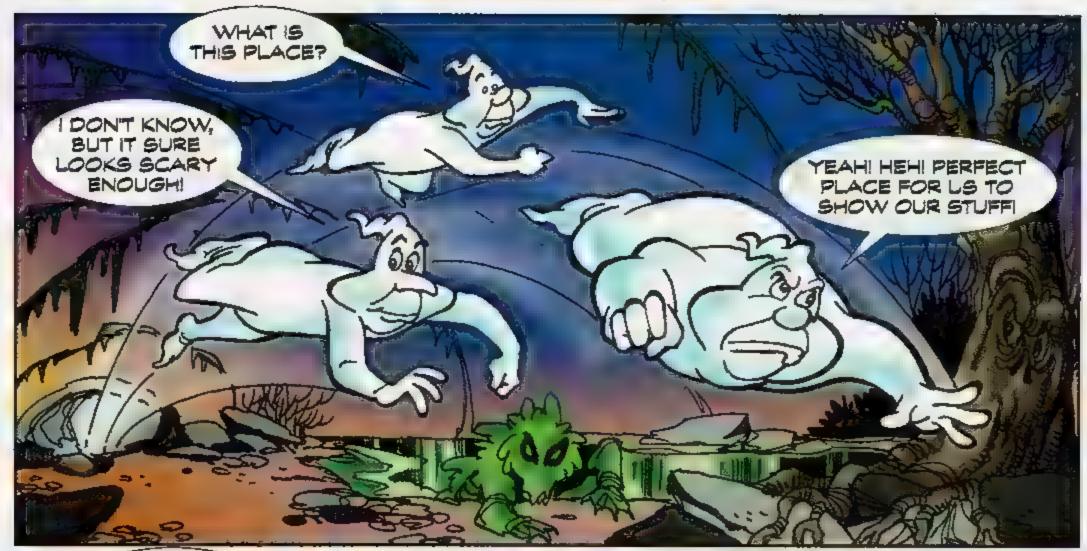
dy for a bath? every single day.

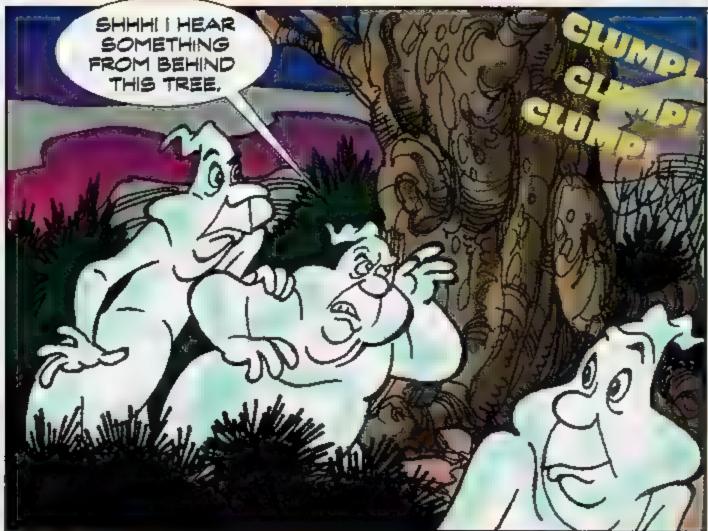






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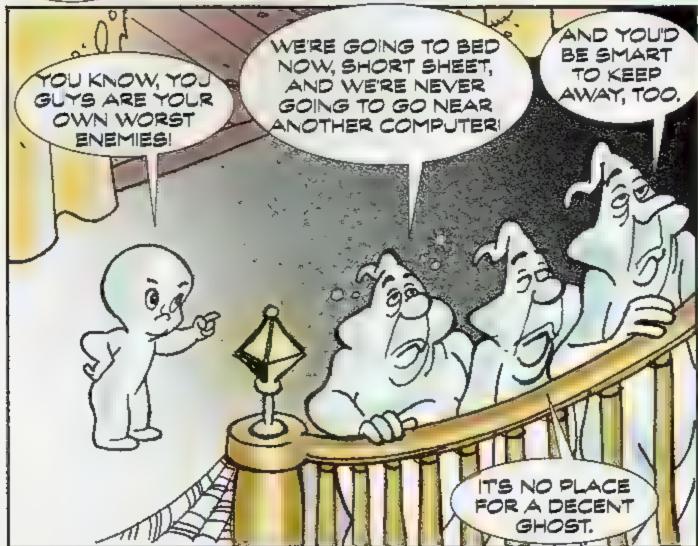














Interview with Puppeteer Stephanie D'Abruzzo:

or dolo

hen you see a puppet on a television show, you probably don't think of the puppeteer underneath, above or occasionally even inside. But puppetry is an art that has been around for thousands of years and being a puppeteer is a very cool job.

Stephanie D'Abruzzo is a puppeteer who mostly works on television. You may have seen her performances as Jody on some episodes of The Puzzle Place, or as Jane Kangaroo, Little Cat B, Pam-I Am and many other characters on The Wubbulous World of Dr. Seuss. Stephanie has also been Reddy on The Learning Channel's Rory's Place. On Sesame Street, Stephanie has played lots of characters-including a worm astronaut, Elmo's cousin Mimsy, a disgruntled Fix-It-Shop

customer, and Bean Number 3.



The cat in the hat and pals



Sesame Street Muppet characters © Jim Henson Company

"I started working with puppets in college," says Stephanie. "And I was very lucky, because right before graduation, the Muppets had a big audition for female performers. I had spent a couple of years teaching myself how to puppeteer for television, so I was very nervous going to audition, but I made it through all the cuts."

As with any job, it took Stephanie a while to learn her craft.

"When you're just starting out, you spend a lot of time assisting other puppeteers by performing the right hands of characters like Rosita or Ernie, or Elmo's legs. You also spend a lot of time in the background—most often as butterflies, sheep or penguins," says Stephanie.

Although she performs them,
Stephanie doesn't make those butterflies, sheep or penguins. "I made my
own puppets when I was starting out,
but now I get to use puppets made by
the Muppet Workshop. They make
puppets from foam, fake fur, fleece,
plastic balls and lots of other things.
The puppet designers are really
artists and they do incredible things
with foam."

Being a puppeteer is fun, but it's also very hard work

"We perform with our arms over our heads for long periods of time, and sometimes the puppets are heavy, so my arms get very tired after awhile," says Stephanie. "And, since I'm shorter than the other puppeteers, I have to wear six-inch tall platform



Stephanic puppeteers a student in Counting School on Sesame Street. Notice Stephanic is watching a television monitor as she works. The paper taped next to the television is the script for the show



Sesame Street Muppet coordinator and puppeteer Kevin Clash (Elmo) adjusts Stephanie's puppet on the set of Sesame Street.





shoes. They're big and bulky and I have to be very careful not to fall when I'm wearing them."

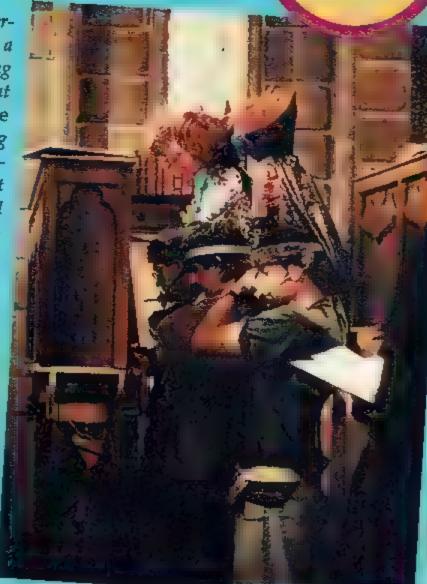
While the puppeteers perform their characters, they watch their performances on little television sets in the studio. This way, they can see what they're doing.

"It takes a long time to learn how to work with the television monitor, because it's the opposite of working in a mirror," says Stephanie. "When I move my arm to the right, the puppet on the screen moves to the left. It takes a lot of practice, but after a couple of years, it becomes second nature."

As with most jobs in television, puppeteers work very long hours, but Stephanie still really enjoys her job.

"Knowing that I'm going to have fun makes it a lot easier to get up early in the morning."

Stephanie performs in a Counting School segment on Sesame Street, along with fellow puppeteers Matt Vogel and Joseph Mazzarino (foreground). The sets are built several feet above the floor so the puppeteers can perform while standing up.





Stephanie straps on her custom-made platform shoes. These shoes boost her height about six inches.



Along with several other performers, Stephanie puppeteers a monster in the "Big Round Nose" production number on Sesame Street as Jim Martin directs.

























Songs from the Heart

You know, sometimes I think I have it bad. Like when I missed a game-winning flyball in my all-star game last year. But then I watched this cool new video, Playing From the Heart. It's about a

lady named Evelyn Glennie who started to go deaf when she was 8-that's how old I am now. All she ever wanted to do was be a musician. It must be really hard to be a deaf musician, but she did it! And now she's a really famous percussionist. I liked this video because it showed me that I can do anything that I want, if I really put my mind to it. (For ages 7 and up, Globalstage, to order call (888) 324-5623, \$27)

Matthew F., 8 years old Wilmington, NC



Let's Get Cooking

One of my favorite things to do is help Dad cook. HEY KIDS! YOU'RE COOKIN' NOW! A Global Awareness Cooking Adventure is so much fun. The best part about this cookbook is that there are vegetarian recipes. (I'm a vegetarian, the only one in my class!) The book is full of really great and easy recipes

GOOLBOARDERS

that I can make myself, well Dad helps, too, but only a little. And there's even a bunch of crazy experiments. Did you know, if you put an egg in a jar with vinegar and let it sit for several hours, the egg turns into a bouncing bail? (For ages 8 and up, Harvest Hill Press, to order call (888) 288-8900, \$19.95)

Hailley R., 9 years old Bethesda, MD

Diarrie Prett

NICK'S PICKS

Snewbound

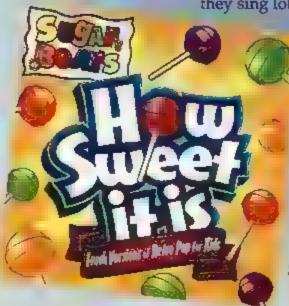
I'mmm Baaack! I'm here to tell you about a new Playstation game called, COOLBOARDERS 3. It's so much fun, it's like riding a rollercoaster, but in the snow COOLBOARDERS 3 has great graphics and makes you feel like you're strapped on the board! This game has great control, which is important whether you're playing a video game or on a real snowboard. Overall, I rate this game 10 out of 10.

a real snowboard. Overall, I rate this game 10 out of 10. This is for everyone (you to adults). (989 Studios)

Nick L., 11 years old Long Valley, NJ

Sweet Music to Her Ears

How Sweet It Is is a new CD out by my favorite group, Sugar Beats. They are a group of eight kids and one woman named Sherry Kondor and they sing lots of really old songs from

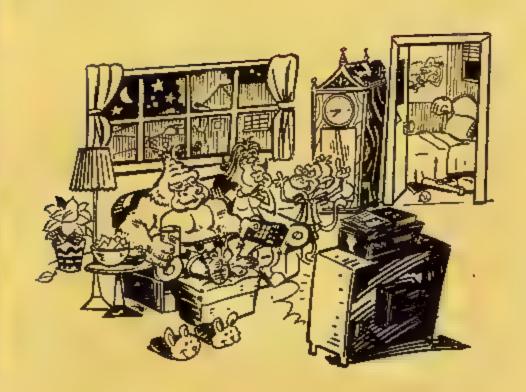


the sixties and seventies.

They call it retro pop on the cover, but all I know is this is the only CD we can play in the car that my parents and I don't argue over. (For more information call (800) BEATS21, cassette \$10, CD \$13)

KıKı T., 8 years old Seattle, WA

Songs You Might Need in a Pinch



Try this new approach on your folks, but don't sing too many verses, or it may backfire! (To the tune of "Yankee Doodle")

Can I stay up until 8
My homework is all done
Then I swear I'll go to bed
And wake up with the sun
Can I stay up until 9
And watch my favorite show
Then I swear that I won't fuss
And straight to bed I'll go

Can I stay up until 10
I'm not tired yet
Then I swear I'll march to bed

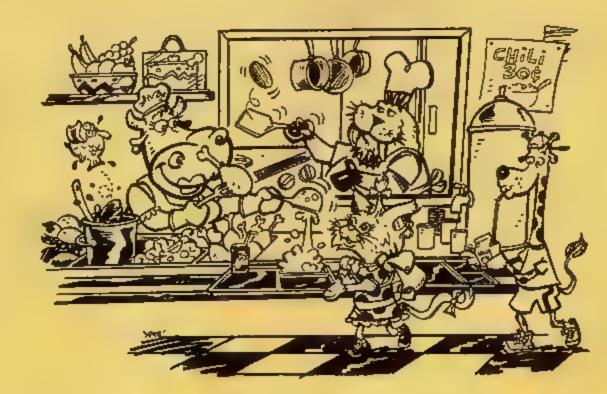
Can I stay up till 11
I'll just read by my nightlight
Then I swear I'll close my eyes
And bid you nighty-night

Can I stay up until midnight-...I didn't think so...

To be sung to your favorite cafeteria worker...you might get an extra snickerdoodle! (To the tune of "Home on the Range")

Oh, give me some fish
Tartar sauce in a dish
And some Jello with floating fresh fruit
Slop it all in my tray
Just a dollar to pay
And that hairnet makes you look so cute

Lunch, lunchlady mine
Make my sloppy joes neat as can be
Let the other kids laugh
Cut their brownies in half
I'll be nice and get french fries for free!





When you're in a situation to sing this, it might not work, but it will help pass the time...
(To the tune of "I've Been Working On The Railroad")

I've been stuck in indoor recess
Half an hour or more
Paper airplanes on the ceilings
Paint spilled on the floor
Drawing quietly gets boring
Eating paste is lame
Desks and chairs get in the way of
Playing a kickball game

Teacher can't we go
Teacher can't we go outside today?
Teacher can't we go
We like rain and snow
Teacher let us go outside!

Sing after your third serving of Grandma's lasagne, but before she brings out another loaf of bread.

(To the tune of "Row, Row, Row Your Boat")

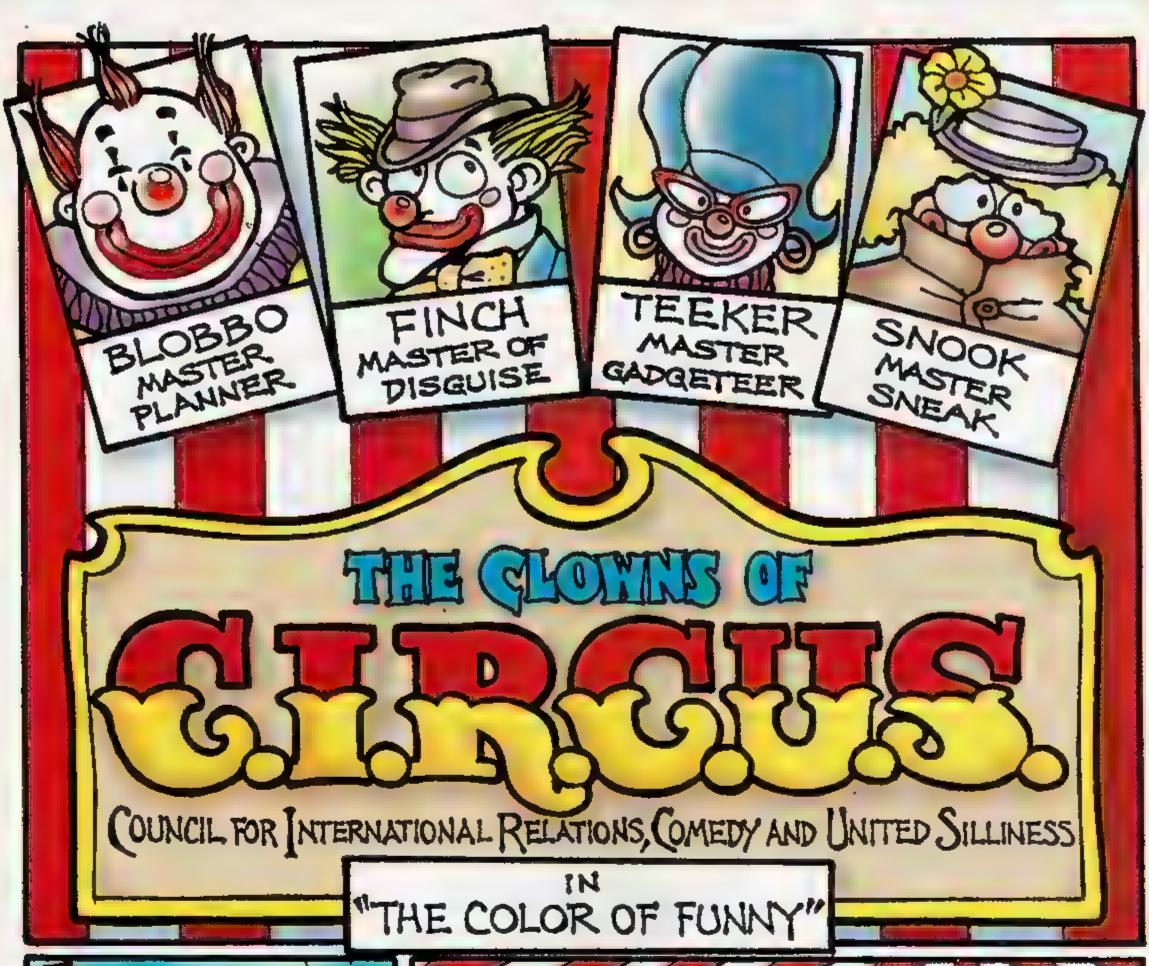
Grandma, no more food
I have had enough
Love me, but I'm not a turkey
That you have to stuff!

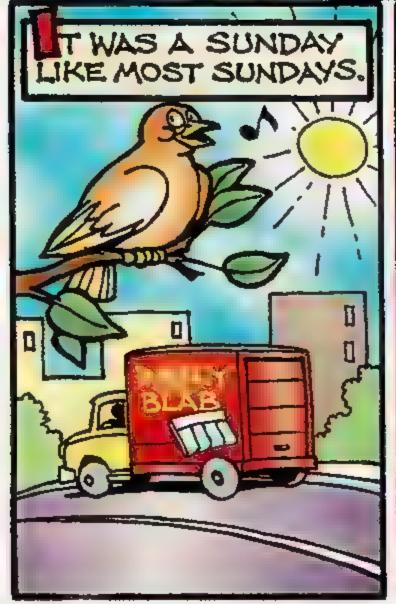




Maybe Mom will cave in if you sing this nicely and intune! (To the tune of "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star")

Mom can I please have a pet
You ain't heard my reasons yet
I can walk it, he'll get fed
He can sleep with me in bed
Caring for it will be cake
It's not hard to keep a snake!

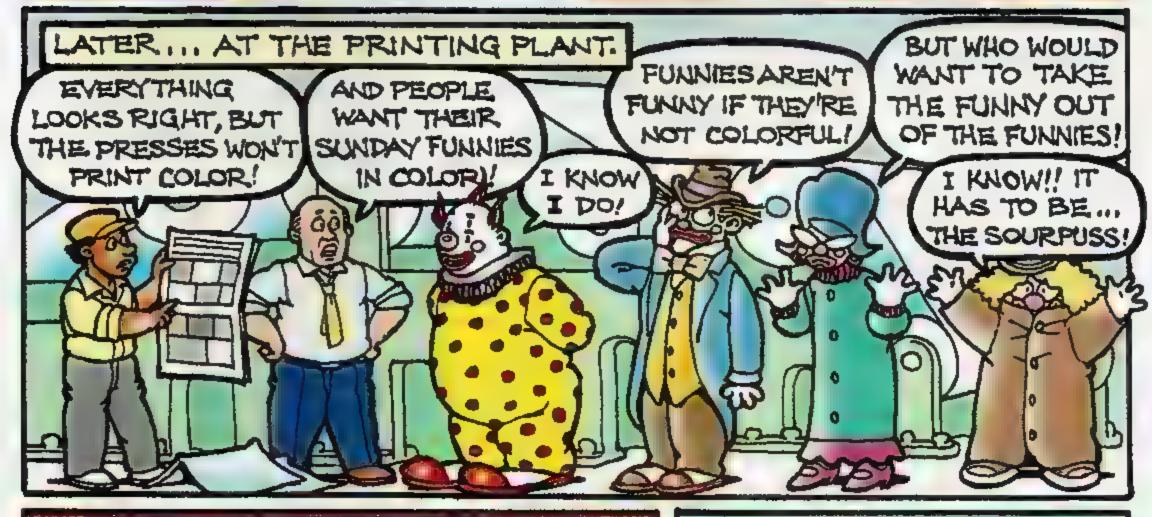


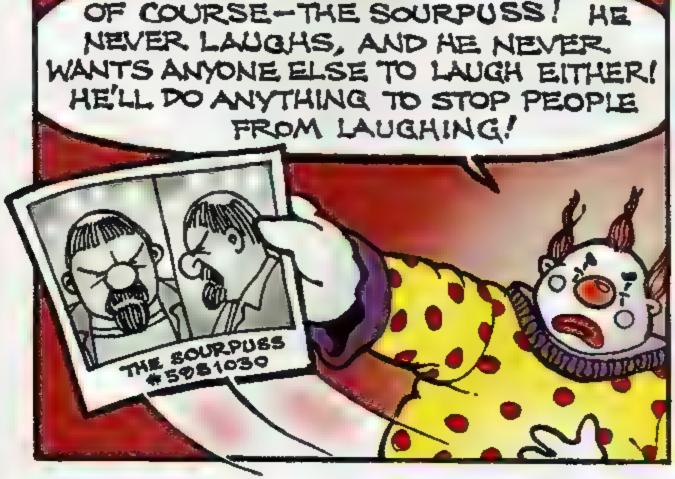






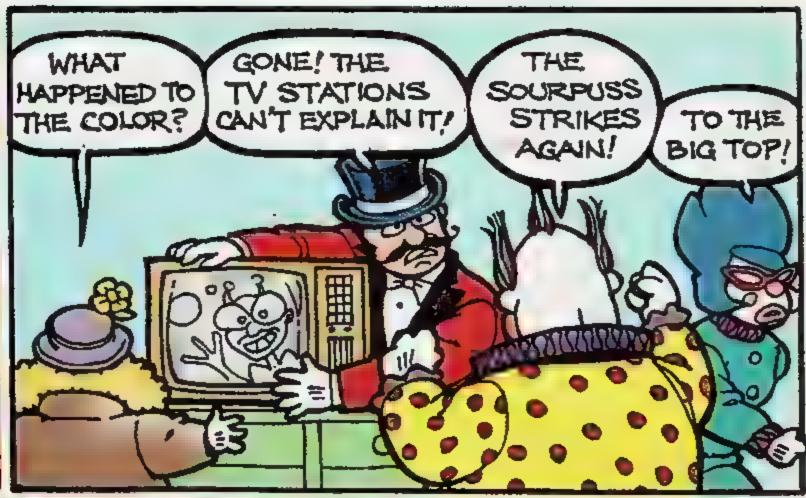


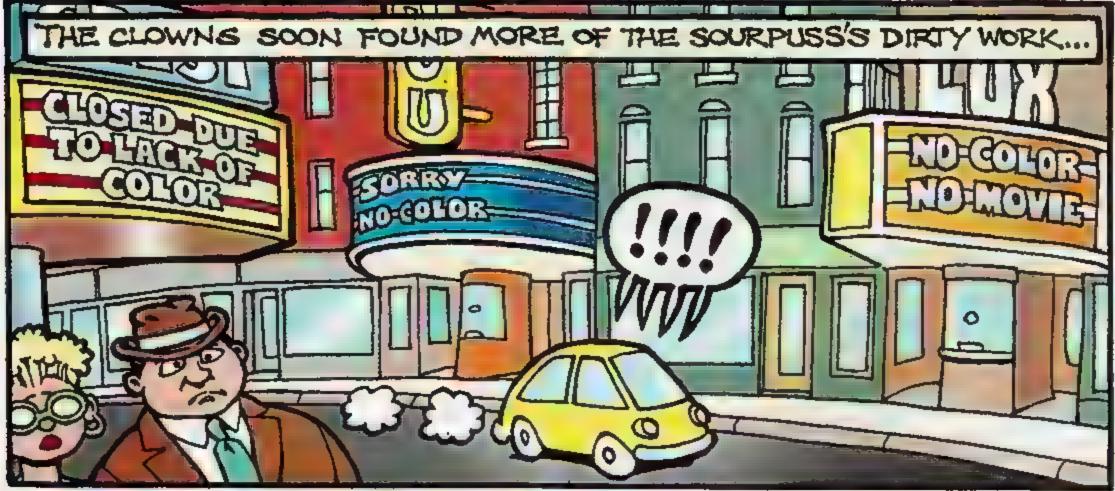






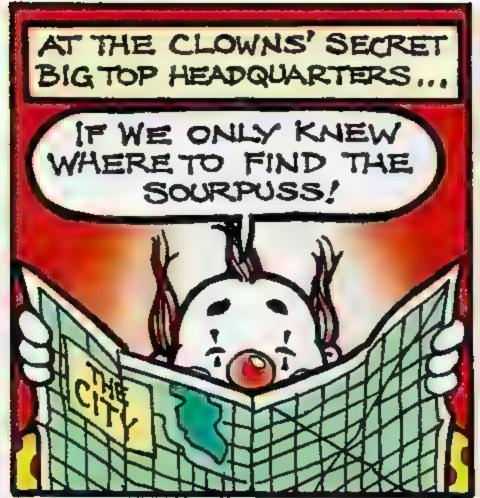




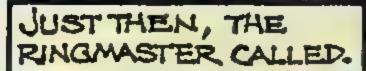






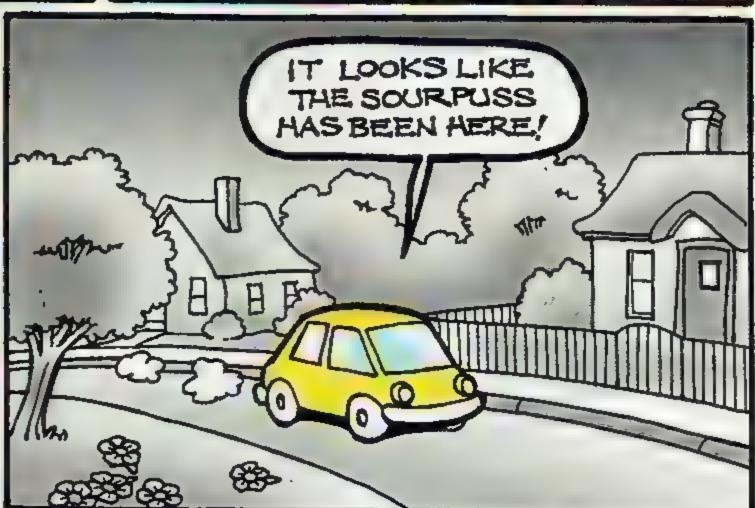






CLOWNS! THE SOURPUSS HAS BEEN SIGHTED ON ELM ST.!































This is a Storymatic gone wild! Fill in the blanks with the little drawings supplied to you to complete the story. You will need a pair of scissors,

It was a great day for a Carnival! In fact, it was Day in town,	There were great r
so there was a huge carnival set up in the People were coming from	was the Ride
miles around just to see the perform. Another popular attraction was	circles until you'd get so d
the flying Of course, there was a close call when it almost flew into a	hold on to your
, but fortunately there was anearby.	At night, things re
There were lots of things to buy, as well. You could get afor	one cheering, and the me
just a quarter! Or, if you preferred, you could buy a homemade Just	their heads for the occasion
about everyone had a in their hand, and waved them in the air	throwing out a
whenever a walked by. And no carnival would be complete without a	the end of the parade mea
, which tastes great with a cold drink and a	before they left

GOING TO A CARNIVAL

glue and some cool-colored markers to color in the teeny, tiny pictures. Once finished, you can hang it up on your wall as a fun-tas-tic poster!

There were great rides set up next to the The best one, though,	
was the Ride. You could sit on a and it would go around in	
circles until you'd get so dizzy that everyone looked like a! You had to	
hold on to your, or it would fly away!	
At night, things really started to happen. The Parade had every-	
one cheering, and the members of the Marching Band each wore a on	
their heads for the occasion. There was a riding on a beautiful float,	
throwing out a to every child in the crowd. Finally, the at	
the end of the parade meant that the Carnival was over. So, making sure to buy a	
before they left, the people rode home by It had been a great day.	











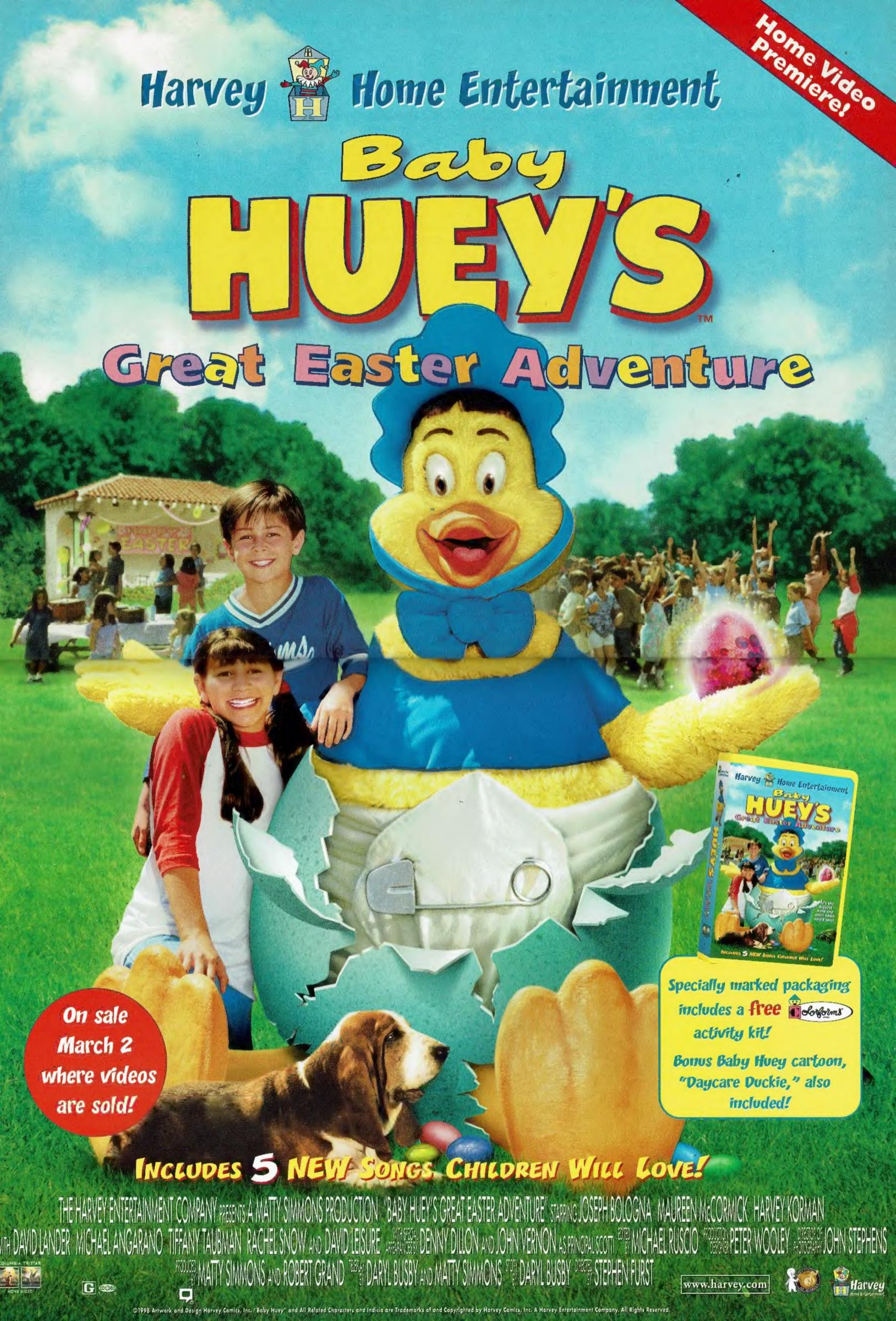














Smolekers. has gone (OSMIC, taking one giant step for girl-kind.

See if you can find 6 Lip Smackers hidden somewhere on this page.

0

SPARKLE like the stard Find the star that's exactly like this one Look closely because there's only one.

Unscramble these Cosmic Smackers

RRWTYSABRE RATSS WKII MOSKSO NITM HOCCO HPIS NRAIMTA LWMOAL

Journey into the GALAXY of stores where Smarkers are sold to the where small products!

www.smackers.com

BONNE BELL

We do not test on animals

